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# Cannal



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## Chapter 1 by Alea

Miguel ran through the tunnel, towards the latest refugee shelter with little time to warn the others, as the moon fell bellow the horizon to make way for dawn. The tunnel that his refugee group had lived in for the past month was part of a series blast diversion channels for the nearby spaceport launch pads, and soon a shuttle carrier heading up towards orbit from one of the nearby pads would flood their home with super-heated air, and burn anyone still inside to a crisp. Fueling had finished, and the pilot of the shuttle was probably making final checks and preparations for takeoff; and the engines had begun their preheating process.

He arrived at the shelter breathless, and looked around to see that others had also taken notice of the imminent launch, and had begun moving people out of the shelter. They ran around gathering belongings, and helping the young climb towards the surface. As the whole group buzzed around, and prepared to leave, the ground began to vibrate gently, instilling a sense of urgency on the whole situation. Miguel climbed up towards the surface, and looked towards the port to see that the carrier was in its final moments on the ground, as launch towers moved away, and its engines began to roar.

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